

58
2093

Oak Street
UNCLASSIFIED

IN MEMORIAM
Samuel J. Glover

**THE UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS
LIBRARY**

From the collection of
Julius Doerner, Chicago
Purchased, 1918.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2016

<https://archive.org/details/inlovingmemoryof00mcph>

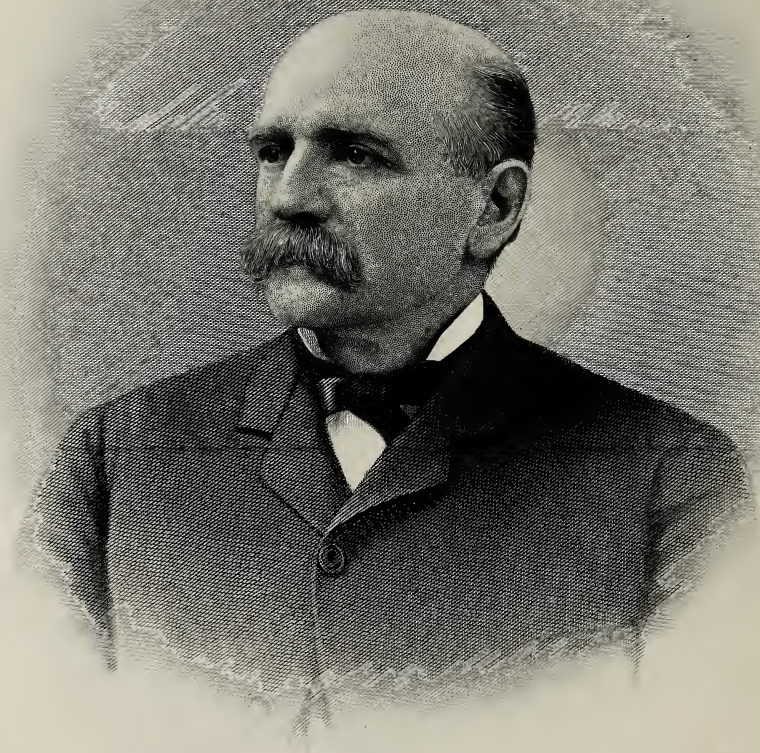
In Loving Memory

OF

SAMUEL JARVIS GLOVER,

WHO ENTERED INTO REST
OCTOBER EIGHTH, 1892.





Yours truly
Samuel J. Brown

58

2093

704611

FUNERAL SERVICE

At his home, 1315 Michigan Avenue.

ADDRESS BY HIS PASTOR,

REV. SIMON J. MCPHERSON, D. D.

THE Bible has much to say of genealogy.

The qualities of its leading characters, good and bad alike, are traced back to their ancestors.

Abraham, Moses and David have biographies, which begin generations before their birth.

The Son of Man himself has his lines of descent carefully narrated

On the other hand, how many weak or wicked Kings of Israel have the taint in their blood referred to Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin.

Similarly, the modern doctrine of heredity emphasizes a natural law. Like tends to beget like in human nature as well as in the lower orders of life. We can hardly account for a

man's character unless we learn something of his origin and family history. Not only racial and national traits, but personal characteristics are handed down from father to son.

Samuel Jarvis Glover will illustrate the fact that this law obtains in America as well as in older countries. His qualities are largely explained for us by his derivation. For some centuries his stock was of clean, wholesome, uncontaminated blood. His Glover forefathers, who occupied their manor house at Manchester, England, from 1550 to 1677, were persecuted for conscience sake in the reign of bloody Mary. One of them, a nephew by marriage of good Bishop Latimer, became a martyr in 1555.

On both sides, he belonged to worthy New England Puritans. On his mother's side, he traced his family tree to the Aldens and the Mayflower. That he should become an industrious, honest, self-reliant, and home-loving man, was to be expected, as a development of his native fibre.

Nearly forty years ago, while Jarvis was still little more than a boy, he followed his married sister to Chicago, as a unit in that New England migration, which has been such a tonic to the life of our city and the Northwest.

No beating of drums announced his arrival, or characterized his useful career. He went quietly to work, and he worked quietly

and effectively to the week before he left this world. His rise was not in any way phenomenal, but, like that of many others who have been among our best citizens, it was steady, persistent, and based on merit.

While he made no verbal claims for himself or his blood, the momentum of character and heredity carried him to an honorable place among his peers. His employers learned to depend upon him and to trust in him.

After serving the Michigan Southern Railway Company for a number of years, he accepted a position of responsibility in the Fort Wayne Railway Company, with which he remained for a quarter of a century.

The late George W. Cass liked to refer to him as "one of my boys." Trained under that official, his self-control, or else his equable temperament, made him popular with the public, and his carefulness, fidelity, and strict integrity rendered him the safe and valued custodian of millions of money. Before the war, he formed a business-like partnership which continued for almost thirty years, down, indeed, to the day of his death.

A man's inner character is best known to those who stand nearest to him.

His partner, a deeply bereaved mourner here, to-day testifies, that, during that long period, there was never a serious business

difference, never a suspicion, nor ever a sharp or angry word between them. They believed in one another without being once deceived. Such facts are an unanswerable testimonial to character, and one of the sweetest comforts in bereavement. They make the ministry of memory sacred. Moreover, the same competent witness assures us that, throughout these years, partnership meant friendship; that Mr. Glover was always not only the trustworthy business man, but a gentleman, and that he never was heard to utter a coarse or profane word. Is not that practical christianity of an impressive type?

When we remember, also, as attested by those who knew him best, that Mr. Glover

dispensed many charities, unobtrusively, to unfortunates who were brought into business relations with him, especially striving to help them to help themselves; are we not reminded of an often neglected business injunction of St. Peter (1st Ep. St. Peter, 3d, 8th and 9th verses): "Be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another; love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous; not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing; but contrariwise blessing, knowing that ye are thereunto called that ye should inherit a blessing."

The social qualities of this friend of ours is known to many of you quite as well as to me. He enjoyed social life, but in an unosten-

tatious fashion. He valued friendship, because he had the capacity to be a friend. While communicative on all common interests, with a manner always even, cordial and open, he was somewhat reserved, as to all the deeper and more intimate experiences of his own heart. The result was, that he was a pleasant acquaintance to hundreds, and probably to thousands, but he was the familiar friend to comparatively few. The public hardly knew him well, but those next to him understood his whole nature, and, in consequence, loved him with extraordinary intensity. He kept himself generally conversant with public questions, especially with those bearing upon the development

of this city, and he thought of them earnestly as a public spirited man, but he never cared to become conspicuous as a public leader. He was modest, as fine natures are wont to be, and his voice was not heard in the streets.

The heart of his social qualities was revealed in domestic life. His devotion to his family was of a most rare sort, constant, considerate, and uniformly affectionate. He could hardly speak of his mother, after she was taken away, without tears. He never married, but the love commonly given to wife and children, he lavished upon brothers and sisters. I have never seen a more striking example of fraternal devotion. His home was always happy; unkind

words, selfish actions, and unlovely thoughts were unknown. They were not banished, because they never entered—never seemed to look in. The trio who in later years composed it were like an equi-lateral triangle, without rivalry, mutually dependent, and sufficient to one another, and on every side presenting one unchanging front to the world without. To his sister, in the home, he was not only thoughtful and affectionate, but gallant and chivalrous. Her companion at all social functions, on public occasions in the church. At a friend's house he was at once a brother, a friend, and an escort. To his inseparable brother he was what David was to Jonathan; they had a reciprocal

and wonderful affection, passing the love of women. Perfect sympathy and confidence distinguished all their relations. It is not strange that to-day they feel as though they were losing their stay and their staff, nor, that they recollect his whole life with them as really Christ-like in its leading aspects. As his brotherliness to the married members of the family was hued with the same colors of affectionateness, even if the relations were necessarily less intimate, it is not strange that there is in this household to-day a sense of loss too great for words and too deep even for tears. The extent of their common loss, however, is the measure of their gratitude and joy.

However deeply our friendly hearts sympathize with them, we instinctively congratulate them on all that they have been permitted to enjoy and on the great treasure that they had to give back to God.

With profound thankfulness, we may likewise learn that there was eternal hope in this manly heart when it failed. God was the strength of his heart and his portion forever. While rather taciturn about his consecrated, religious sentiments, and while making no such public confession of them as was made by his ancestor at the cost of life itself, he did acknowledge them in his home, particularly to his trusted sister. Not many months ago,

sitting with her here in the cool of the day, he voiced his faith in these words:

“Auspicious Hope,
In thy sweet gardens grow
Wreaths for all care—
A balm for every woe.”

To his like-minded brother he said that on the stone that should mark his last resting-place, he should like to have inscribed these words of our Christ:

“Let not your hearts be troubled; ye believe in God; believe also in me.”

A child of the covenant, he was true to the religious faith of his ancestors. He loved the Bible, and especially those Psalms which,

as he said, expressed our heart experiences so much better than we could express them ourselves. He loved the simple worship of the Church of Christ. He particularly loved its hymns, of which three favorites of his are to be heard at these services to-day. To-day, in the chief cathedral in the chief city in the world, reverend hands are laying to rest the dust of the great modern singer of faith, hope and love.

With no less reverend hands we are cordially administering the last offices to an esteemed colleague, neighbor, friend and brother. However different the outward conditions of their lives, I feel sure that Samuel Jarvis Glover shared not only in the soul's struggles, but

also in the heart triumphs of Lord Tennyson,
and in his sweet and melodious trust. His life
equally testified in common manhood's phrase:

“Our wills are ours; we know not how.

Our wills are ours to make them thine.”

His death, as it casts its halo backwards
upon the lives that loved him, was a greeting
to the Life of the World:

Strong Son of God,
Immortal Love.

As earth is God's first temple, we may
bid him farewell with the heroic address:

“In the great cathedral leave him.

God accept him; Christ receive him.”

HYMN NO. 1.

The Hymns Sung at the Services at the house,

1315 MICHIGAN AVENUE.

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide:
Oh! receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

HYMN NO. 2.

In the Christian's home in glory
There remains a land of rest;
There my Saviour's gone before me
To fulfill my soul's request.
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you—
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you!

He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.
There is rest, etc.

Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that celestial center
I a crown of life shall wear.
There is rest, etc.

Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed!
Hail with joy the rising morn.
There is rest, etc.

HYMN NO. 3.

Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb;
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust.

Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Passed thro' the grave and blessed the bed:
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

Break from his throne, illustrious morn !
Attend, O earth ! his sovereign word:
Restore thy trust: a glorious form
Shall then ascend to meet the Lord !

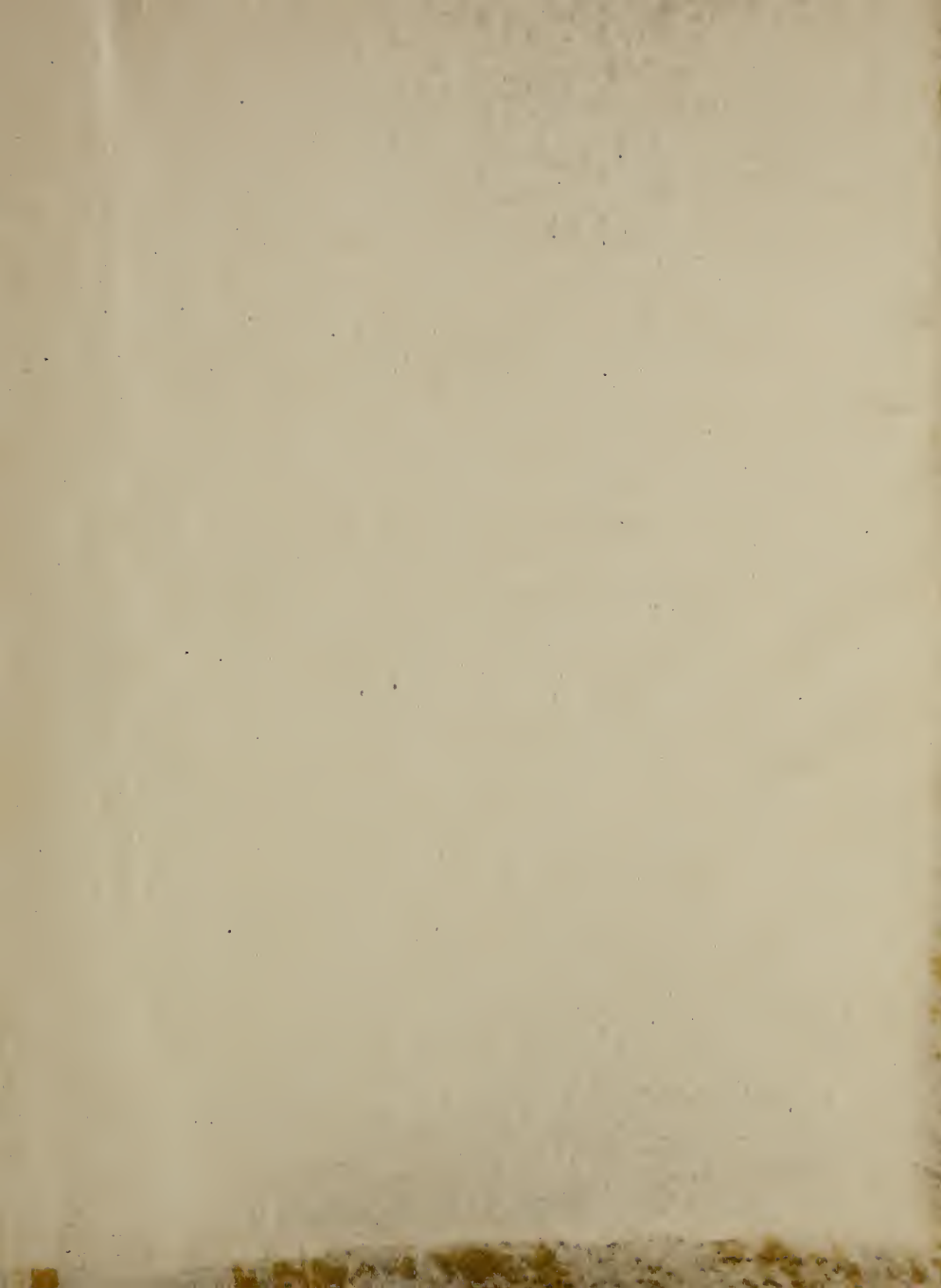
HYMN NO. 4.

Abide with me ! Fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens—Lord with me abide !
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me !

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me !

THE BENEDICTION.

“Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.”



UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA



3 0112 105388588